Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid *Piramus*, and hang'd himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runnne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,

To

To ſweepe the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.
Ob. Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe, each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in natiuity,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Palace, with ſweete peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That